ARBASTO,

The Anatomie of Fortune.

Wherin is diſcouered by a pithie and pleaſant

Diſcourſe, that the higheſt ſtate of proſperitie, is oftimes the firſt ſtep to miſhap, and that to ſtay vpon Fortunes lotte, is to treade on brittle Glaſſe.

Wherin alſo Gentlemen may finde plea-

ſaunte conceytes to purge Melancholy, and perfite counſell to preuent miſfortune.

By Robert Greene Mayſter of Arte.

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.

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1584.

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¶TO THE RIGHT HONO-
rable and vertuous Lady, the La-
dye Mary Talbot, Wife to the Right
honorable Gilbert, Lorde Talbot. Robert Greene wysheth increase of honor and vertue.

MYRON that vnskilfull Painter of Greece, neuer drew any picture, but the counterfaite of Iupiter: saying, that if it were ill wrought, his worthynesse should countenaunce out the meanesse of his worke, if well, commende the perfection of his arte.

In the like manner fareth it with me (right Honorable) who hauing vnskilfully shadowed wyth bad coullers, the counterfaite of Fortune, presume boldly to shrowd it vnder your Ladyships patronage, as able to defend it, be it neuer so meane, and to countenaunce it, were it neuer so good, being of Decius mynde, who thought himselfe safe vnder the shielde of Cæsar.

Pore Irus comming into the Temple of Pallas, seing her pourtrayed with a Speare in the one hand, and a Booke in the other, noting therby aswell her inwarde vertue, as her outwarde valor: saide, dispightfull pouertye thou shalte not yet keepe me from honoring Pallas, though from giuing her presentes.

So hearing of your Ladyships exquisite perfection, aswell in outwarde shape, as in vertuous qualities, drawne with a deepe desire to shew what a dutifull affection I owe to such noble and vertuous personages, although want sought to hinder my will, yet I thought rather to faulte in the defecte of abylitie, then not to shew in effecte the forwardnesse of my desire, which wishing to bring forth a Mountayne, hath scarsly afforded a Moulhil, & willing to shew your honor Alexanders Picture, is farre vnable to present you wyth Agrippas shadowes.

But I hope your Ladiship will deale wyth mee as Cæsar did with his younge Souldiers, who accepted of their seruice, not

ſy when they performed what they ſhould, but when they practiſed what they coulde. Thus reſting aſſured of your Ladyſhyppes curteſye, praying contynually for the increaſe of your honor, with all things that you would wiſh or I imagine, I end.

Your Ladyſhippes moſt dutifull to commaunde Robert Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers *health.*

ALexander, whether wearied with Bucephalus pace, or desirous of noueities, as the nature of man delighteth in change, rode on a tyme on Ephestions Horse, for which being reprehended by one of his Captaines, he made him this answere: Though all quoth he cannot haue Bucephalus courage, yet this is a Horse. So Gentlemen, if some to curious carpe at your courtesye, that vouchsafe to take a view of this vnperfecte pamphelet, I hope you will answere, though it be not excellent, yet it is a booke: being herein of Augustus minde, who demaunded why he red Ennius and not Virgill, answered: why quoth he is not Ennius also a Poet? Though none but Apelles was famous for his arte, yet others were counted Painters. All might not wash with Homer, yet diuerse dipt their fingers in his Bason. I afford not Gentlemen what I would, but what I can, trusting so you will thinke of me, and accepte of my worke. And in this hope I rest.

Yours to vse Robert
Greene.

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Arbasto, the Anotomie of *Fortune.*

SAyling towards Candie, after that I had long time bene tolled with infortunate tempests, forced by wind and waue, our course not well guided by our compasse, happily arriued at the city of Sydon, where being set on shoare, I straight with my companions, went to offer incense to ỹ god desse of prosperitie, which the citizens call Astarte. Whither being come, my deuotion done, and my oblations offered vp, desirous to take a view of the ancient monuments of the Tẽple, I passed through many places, where moste sumpteous sepulchers were erected: which being sene, as I thought to haue gone to my lodging, I spied a Cel, hauing the doze opẽ: whereinto as I entered, I saw an Archflamin sitting (as I supposed at his Dizons (for so was the priest of the goddesse termed) who being clothed in white satten roabes, and crowned with a Diadem of perfect golde, leaned his heade vpon his right hand, powring forth streames of watrish teares, as outward signes of some inward passions, and held in his left hand the counterfeit of fortune, with one fote troade on a polype fish, and with the other on a Camelion, as assured badges of hir certaine mutabilitie. Driuen into a dumpe wyth the sight of this strange deuise, as I long gazed at the vnacquainted gesture of this old Flamin, willing to knowe both the cause of his care, and what the picture of Fortune did importe, I was so bolde as to waken him out of his passion, with this parle.

FAther (quoth I) if my presumption be great in preasing so rashly into so secrete & sacred a place: yet I hope weighing my will, you will somewhat excuse my boldnesse: for I haue not presumed as thinking to giue any iust occasion of of-

fence, but as a ſtranger deſirous to ſée the monumẽts of this ancient Temple, which as I narrowly viewed, happenyng by chance into this your Cell, and ſæing your olde age perplexed with ſtrange paſſions, ſtaied as one willing to learne what diſaſter hap hath driuen you into theſe ſtrange dumps, which if I without offence may requeſt, & you without preiudice grant, I ſhall finde my ſelfe by duty bounde to requite your vndeſerued curteſie.

AFter I had vttered theſe wordes, ſtaying a good ſpace to heare what the olde man woulde anſwere, ſæing that he did not ſo much as vouchſafe to giue an eare to my parle, or an eye to my perſon, but ſtill gazed on the picture of Fortune. As I was ready to courſe him from his harbor, wyth a deeper blaſt, I ſawe a preſent metamorphoſis of his mynde: for from teares he fell to trifling, frõ lowryng to laughing, from mourning to mirth, yet neuer caſting his eie from Fortunes counterfeite, till at laſte after he had long ſmiled (as I thought) at the Picture, he as in deſpight caſt it from hym, and taking his Lute, plaied a dumpe, whereunto he warbled out theſe words,

WHereat erewhile I wept, I laugh,
That which I feared I now deſpiſe:
My victor once, my vaſſall is
My foe conſtrainde, my weale ſupplie.
Thus doo I triumph on my foe,
I weepe at weale, I laugh at woe.

My care is cur'd, yet hath none ende,
Not that I want, but that I haue,
My chance was change, yet ſtill I ſtay,
I would haue leſſe, and yet I craue:
Ay me poore wretch that thus doe liue,
Conſtra'nd to take, yet forſt to giue.

She

She whose delights are signes of Death,
Who when she smiles begins to lower,
Constant in this that still she change,
Hir sweetest giftes tyme proues but sower:
I liue in care, cr̃st with hir guile,
Through hir I weepe, at hir I smile.

The old sire hauing with sighes sobbed out this sorowful dittie, I was driuen into a maze what the contrary contentes of these verses should meane, vntill at last casting his eie aside, and seeing me stand so solemnly, he burst forth into these chollericke termes.

FRiend quoth he (if so I may terme thée) thou hast eyther not heard much, or learned very little, either thy curtesie is small, or thy conditions too currishe, that séekest to come to counsell before thou be called. If the secrecy of my Cel, or the reuerence of my age, or thy small acquaintance w̃ me, were not sufficient to hold thée from preasing so nigh: yet seing me thus solemnlye perplered, thou myghtest for (modestie sake) haue left me to my secret and sorowfull passions. If it bée the custome of thy Country to be so discourteous, I like not the fruit of such a soyle: If thy owne reckleste folly to be thus rash, I craue not to be acquainted with such a bold guest: but whither it be, as thou camest in without my leaue, I wishe thée to go out by iust command.

HE had no sooner vttered these wordes, but he was ready to take vp the picture, if I had not hindered him with this reply.

SIr (quoth I) where the offẽce is confessed, there the fault is halfe pardoned, and those facts that are committed by ignorance, alwayes clayme them pardons by course: I graunte that I haue bẽne too rashe, but I repent,

and therfore hope you will take the lesse offence, & the sooner excuse my folly: faultes committed by will gayne oft times but a check, then mine done by ignorance, shall I hope escape without a mate. Penalties are enioyned by the will more than by the worke: and thinges done amisse, (saith Tullie) euer ought to be measured by the intent, and not by ỹ mere action: Which considered, if my presence hath bene preiudiciall to your passions, I hope you will thinke I offended as a stranger, and will pardon me, as one sorie for so rashe an enterprise

THe old man very attentiuely hearing my talke, hauing somewhat digested his choller, rising vp from his seate, made me this friendly answere.

FRiend (quoth he) all is not gold that glisters: the smoothest talke hath ofttimes the smallest truth: the sunne when it glistreth most bright, then breedeth the greatest shoure: when the Bore layeth downe his bristles, then hee meaneth to strike. The Painter casteth the fairest colour ouer the foulest bord, and strangers flatterings are ofttimes but mere fallacions: yet whether thy talke be truth or tales: whether thou commest to note my passions as a spie, or hast by chance hit into my cell as a stranger, I care not: for if thou enuie me as a foe I force thee not, in that I feare not the spight of fortune: if thou muse at my suddaine motions, as one desirous to be acquainted with my case, it shall little auaile thee to heare it, and be a great griefe for me to rehearse it.

O Sir (quoth I) if my credite might be such, as without desert to obtaine so much fauour: or if the praier of a poore stranger might preuaile to perswade you to vnfold the cause of these your suddaine passions, I shoulde thinke my former trauels counteruaile with this your friendly curtesie.

It

IT is good indéed (quoth he) by other mens harmes to learne to beware: Phœbus had neuer béene so warie of Vulcane, if Mars his mishap had not bid him take héede: Vlysses had not so wisely eschued Circes charmes, if he had not séene before his fellowes transformed, and perhaps, the hearing of my former cares may fræ thée from ensuing calamitie.

I haue béene my selfe a Prince, which am now subiect vnto power: alate a mightie Potentate, and now constreyned to liue vnder a seruile lawe: not contented erewile with a princely pallace, now sufficiently satisfied with a poore Cell, and yet this present want exceedes my wonted weale. I then had too much in penurie, and now I lacke in superfluitie, being cloyed with abundance (yet hauing nothing) in that my mind remaineth satisfied. Fortune, yea fortune in fauoring me hath made me most infortunate. Syrenlike hiding vnder musicke miserie, vnder pleasure payne, vnder mirth mourning, like the sugred honycombe, which while a man toucheth, he is stong with Bées. She presenteth faire shapes, whiche proue but fading shadowes: she proffereth mountaines, and perhaps kéepeth promise, but the gaines of those golden mines is losse and miserie. None roade on Seianus horse, which gote not mishap. None toucht the goale of Tholossa, whom some desaster chance did not assaile: neyther hath any béene aduanced by fortune, which in time hath not béene crossed with some hapelesse calamitie. I speake this by experience, which I pray the gods thou neuer trie by proofe: for he only is to be thought happie, whome the inconstant fauour of fortune hath not made happie. The picture whiche thou séest héere, is the perfect counterfaite of hir inconstant conditions, for she like the Polipe fishe, turneth hirselfe into the likenesse of euerie obiect, and with the Cameleon taketh hir whole delight in change, being sure in nothing but in this, that she is not sure. Which inconstancie after I had knowne by too much proofe, I began to arme my selfe against hir guiles, and to count hir fawning flatterie and hir

frownes of no force, not to accept hir as a friend, but to despise hir as a foe, and in despight of hir fained deitie, to oppose my selfe against hir fickle power, which I haue founde the greatest shield to shrowde me from hir secret iniuries. I haue left my pallace, and taken me to a simple Cell, in the one I found often displeasure, but in the other neuer but contentation. From a Prince of the earth, I am become a Priest to the Gods, seeking only by this obscure life to please thee, and displease fortune: whose picture when I see, I weepe that I was so fond as to be subiect to such a seruile dame, and I laugh that at last I triumph both ouer mine owne affections, and ouer fortune. Thus friend, since thou hast heard the cause of my care, ceasse off to enquire farther in the case, passe from my Cell, and leaue me to my passions, for to procure my griefe, and not thy gayne, were to offer me double losse. After he had vttered these wordes, perceyuing by his parle that he was a mighty Prince, I began with more reuerence to excuse my rashnesse, framing my talke to this effect.

I Am sorie (quoth I) if sorrowe might be amends for that which is amisse, that my hastie follie hath offended your highnesse, and that my poore presence hath beene preiudiciall to your princely passions, but since the fault once committed may be repented, but not reclaymed, I hope youre highnesse will pardon my vnwitting wilfulnesse, and take (had I wist) for an excuse of so suddaine an offence, whiche graunted, the desire I haue to heare of your strange hap, do make me passe manners in beeing importunate with youre Maiestie, to heare the tragicall chance of this your strange change.

Well (quoth he) since thy desire is such, and time allowes me conuenient leysure, sit downe, and thou shalt heare what truste there is to be giuen to inconstant fortune.

Arbaste.

Arbasto.

I Was (quoth he) vntill I wart wearie of my diademe, King of the famous Countrey of *Denmarke*, wherein, after Bolphorus deceased, for so was my father called, I raigned in happie prosperitie, comming to the Crowne at the age of one and twentie yeares, bæing so honoured of my subiectes for my vertue, and so loued for my curtesie, as I did not onelie gayne the harts of mine owne Countreymen, but also winne the good will of Strangers. I could not complayne of lacke, in that my greatest want was store. I feared not the force of forraigne foes, for I knewe none but were my faith full friends. I doubted no misfortune, for I could see no way for me to mishap: nay, if I had bæne wise, I might the more haue feared miserie, in that I was so fullie pampered vp with felicitie. But I poore wretch was not daunted with any dreade, because I sawe no present danger: I thought, the sea being calme, there could come no tempest: that from the clære aire could ensue no storme, that quiet ease was not the mother of dissention, and that where fortune once tuned, in the strings could neuer be founde anie discord.

But O fond and infortunate Arbasto, for so is my name, and therefore infortunate in that thou art Arbasto thou now hast tried though by hapleste experience, that when *Nilus* filled vp his boundes, ensued a dearth: when the *Angelica* is laden with most fæde, then hæ dieth: when musicke was heard in the Capitoll, then the Romanes were plagued with pestilence: when Circes proffered most giftes, she pretended most guile, and that when fortune hath depriued thæ of most care, then she meanes to drowne thæ in the greatest calamitie: for as thus I safely floated in the Seas of securitie, and bathed in the streames of blisse,

foꝛtune, thinking at length to giue me the mate, began thus to pꝛoffer the checke. I hauing but one only bꝛother called Tebaldo, whome foꝛced by nature, I moſt entirely loued and liked, who ſoiourning in *France*, as one deſirous to ſee the maners of ſtrange Countreys, and to furniſh himſelfe with all qualities fit foꝛ a woꝛthy Gentleman, I vnhappily receiued newes that he was cowardly without cauſe ſlaine in the French Court, which ſo appalled my ſenſes, as nature moſt cruelly exclaimed againſt foꝛtune, in ſo much, that ſcoꝛched with the flame of ſpœdie reuenge, contrarie to the counſayle of my Nobles, with a reſolute mind, I determined to inuade *France*, and either to bꝛing the whole realme to ruine, oꝛ elſe to hazard life and limme in the battell: well, no perſwaſion being able to dꝛiue me from this ſettled determination, I cauſed my ſhips to be rigged, and with as much ſpœde as might be, ſailed into France with a great nauie where I had no ſoner landed my ſoldiers, but as a pꝛofeſſed foe craving no other recompence foꝛ my bꝛothers death but their deſtruction, I burned their boꝛders, fired their foꝛtes, raſed their townes and cities to the earth, vſing no mercy, but in thys, that hauing depꝛiued them of their poſſeſſions, I alſo bereaued them of their liues. Pelorus hearing with what violence I had inuaded his lãd (foꝛ ſo the french King was called) fearing ỹ he was not able to withſtãd my foꝛce, ſeeing that Foꝛtune ſo fauoꝛed my enterpꝛiſe, paſſed ſpœdily with his whole hoſt vnto Orleance, whither I haſted without any great reſiſtance, laying valiantly a ſtraight ſiege to the citie: whyche after I had diuers times aſſalted, & had ſo ſhaken the walles with Cannon ſhot, that they were foꝛced to ſtrengthen them with new counter mures. Pelorus halfe danted with my deſperate attempts coueted ſecretly to cõclude a peace: to colour therefoꝛe this his intent with a falſe ſhadowe, he ſpœdily diſpatched an Herald to intreate a truce foꝛ 3. moneths, which being vnhappily granted, and therefoꝛe vnhappilye becauſe graunted it was lawfull foꝛ them of Denmarke peaceablie

to

to passe into the citie, and for them of Orleance quietlie to come into our campe. While thus the truce continued, I being desirous to take a view of the french Court, accompanied with my Nobles, went to Pelorus, who willing to shewe his martiall courage by vsing curtesie to his foe, gaue me verie sumptuous and friendly entertainement. But alas, such desaster hap ensued of this my fond desire, that death had bin thrise more welcome then such endlesse distresse. For Pelorus had onely two daughters, the eldest called Myrania, the yongest named Doralicia, so faire and well featured, as Venus woulde haue bin iealous if Adonis had liued to see theyr beauties. But especially louely Doralicia, and therfore more louely, because I so intirely loued, was so beautified with the gifts of nature, and so adorned with more then earthlie perfection, as she seemed to be framed by nature to blemishe nature, and that beautie had skipt beyond hir skil, in framing a peece of such curious workemanship, for that which in hir (respecting hir other perfections) was of no price, would be counted in others a pearle, hir greatest want would in others be thought a store, so that if any thing lacked in hir, it was not to be sought for in any earthly creature. This Doralicia being appointed by vniust fortune to be the instrument of my fall, accompanied with hir sister Myrania and other Ladies, came into the chamber where hir father and I was in parle, whose gorgeous presence so appaled my senses, ỹ I stood astonished, as if with Perseus shield I had bene made a senseless picture, not knowing frō whence this suddaine & vncertaine passion should procede: yet this fond affection I felt to rule my fancy, ỹ as the dormouse can not shut his eie as long as he lieth in the beame of ỹ sun, as the Deare can not cease from braying where the herbe Moly groweth, so could not I but stare on the face of Doralicia as long as hir beautie was such an heauenly obiect. She narrowly marking my gazing lookes, straight perceyued that I was galled, and therefore to shewe how lightly she accompted of my

liking, passed out of the chamber with a coy and courtly countenance, but Myrania as one perceiuing and pitying my passions, seemed with hir lookes to say in heart, Arbasto fare well.

These two goddesses being gone, feeling my minde somewhat perplexed, I tooke my leaue of Pelorus, and departed. Comming home to my tent, fraught with a thousand toyish fancies, I began to coniecture what should be the cause of these contrarie motions, the effects I felt, the occasion I could not finde, applying therefore a contrarie salue to my sore, it did rather increase, then cure the maladie, for company was a corasiue, not a comfort: thinking musicke should be a preseruatiue, I found it a poison: and to be solitarie, I found it the sinke of all sorrowe: for then strange thoughts, vnaquainted passions, pinching fancies, waking visions, and slumbring watchings, disquieted my head. Me thought I sawe the counterfaite of Doralicia before mine eies, then the harmonie of hir speech sounded in mine eares, hir lookes, hir gestures, yea, all hir actions were particularly deciphered by a secret imagination. Wrapped thus in a labyrinth of endlesse fancies, when reason could not suppresse will, nor wisedome controule affection, but that wit (though inueagled) yet disdained the vse of a guide. I then cast my cardes, and found by manifest proofe, that the lunaticke fit which so distempered my braynes, was that franticke passion which fooles and poets call loue, which knowne, blaming my selfe of cowardise, that beautie should make me bend, I fell at last into these termes.

WWhy Arbasto (quoth I) art thou so squemish that thou canst not see wine, but thou must surfet? canst thou not drawe nie the fire and warme thee, but thou must with Satyrus kisse it and burne thée? art thou so little maister of thy affections, that if thou gaze on a picture, thou must with Pigmalion be passionate? canst thou not passe thorough Paphos,

phos, but thou must offer incense to Venus? doest thou thinke it iniurie to Cupid to loke if thou doest not loue. Ah fond fole, knowe this, fire is to be vsed, but not to be handled: the Baaran floure is to be wozne in the hand, not chawed in the mouth: the pzetious stone Echites is to be applied outwardly, not to be taken inwardlie: and beautie is made to fede the eie, not to fetter the heart: wilt thou then swallowe vp the baite which thou knowest to be bane? wilt thou hazard at that which can not be had without harme? no, stretch not too farre, wade not too deepe, vse beautie, but serue it not, shake the tree, but taste not of the fruite, least thou find it too hard to be disgested. Why, but beautie is a God, and will be obeyed: loue loketh to commaund, not to be conquered: Iuno stroue but once with Venus, and she was vanquished: Iupiter resisted Cupid, but he went by the wozst: it is hard foz thee with the Crab to swimme against the streame, oz with the Salamander to striue against the fire, foz in wzastling with a freshe wounde, thou shalt but make the soze moze dangerous. Can beautie fond fole bee resisted, which make the Gods to bowe? Loue himselfe yelded to the feature of Psyche, and thinkest thou thy fancie of greater foze? yea but what fondnesse is this Arbasto to soth thy selfe in thy folly. Thou diost come a Captaine, and wilt thou returne a captiue: thy intent was to conquere, not to be vanquished, to fighte with the launce, not to be foild with loue, to vse thy speare, not thy pen, to challenge Mars, not to dallie with Venus. Yow doest thou thinke to subdue *France*, which canst not rule thine owne affections? Art thou able to quaile a kingdome, which canst not quell thine owne minde? no, it will bee hard foz thee to go in triumph, which art not so much as Lozde of thy selfe. But Arbasto if thou wilt needes loue, vse it as a toy to passe away the time, whyche thou mayest take vp at thy luste, and laie downe at thyne owne pleasure. Loue, why Arbasto

doeſt thou dreame, whome ſhouldeſt thou loue? Doralicia: what thy foe, one that wiſheth thy miſhap, and partly prayeth to the Gods for thy miſfortune? no ſure thou art not ſo fond.

And with that, as I vttered theſe wordes, ſuche thoughtes, ſuch ſighes, ſuch ſobs, ſuch teares aſſailed me, as I was ſtricken dombe with the extremitie of theſe helliſh paſſions, ſcarce being able to drawe my breath for a good ſpace, till at laſt recouering my ſenſes, I fell to my former ſorrow in this ſort.

Yes alas Arbaſto, it is the luckleſſe loue of Doralicia, and therefore the more luckleſſe, becauſe thou loueſt Doralicia, that hath thus inchanted thy affections. She is not thy friend whome thou mayſt hope to get, but thy foe, whome thou art ſure not to gaine: for doeſt thou thinke ſhe will requite thy merite with méede, or repay thy loue with liking? no, ſhe hateth thée Arbaſto, as ſworne Pelorus foe and hir enemie. Can ſhe loue thée which ſéekeſt hir fathers life? nay, did ſhe loue, yet could ſhe thinke thou doeſt like, which layeſt ſiege to hir Citie? no, vnleſſe by loue ſhe were blinded with to much loue. Sith then to fancie thy foe, is with the Cockatrice to pecke againſt the ſtéele, ſubdue thy affections, be mayſter of thy minde, vſe will as thy ſubiect, not as thy ſoueraigne, ſo mayeſt thou triumph, and laugh at Cupide, ſaying: Fond boy I was in loue, what then?

I Had no ſoner ſealed vp theſe ſecret meditations with a ſorrowfull ſigh, but leaſt béeing ſolitarie I ſhould fall into farther dumpes, I went out of my tente to paſſe awaie the tyme with ſome pleaſant parle, thinking this the fitteſt meanes to driue awaie idle fancies, hoping that hote loue would be ſone cold, that the greateſt bauin was but a blaze, and that the moſt violent ſtorme was euer leaſt permanent.

Well,

WEll, to sée how loue and Fortune can play false when they list, I was not so drowned in desirs towards Doralicia, as poore Myrania burned with affectiõ towards me. For Venus willing to shew she was a woman by hir wilful contrarieties so fiered hir fancies with the forme of my feature, as the poore Ladie was perplexed with a thousand sundry passions, one while she sought with hate to rase out loue but that was with the dœre to fœd against the wind: another while she deuised which way to obtaine hir desire: but then alas she heaped coales vpon hir heade, for she sawe no sparke of hope to procure so good hap. Driuen thus into sundry dũps she fell at last into these termes.

ALas Myrania (quoth she) happy yea thrice happy are those maides which are borne in the Ile Meroe, which in their virginity are suffered to sée none but him whome they shall marrye, and being wiues are forbidden by the lawe to sée any man but their husband, vntill they be past fiftie. In thys Countrie Myrania beautie is vsed as a naturall gift, not honored as a supernaturall god, and they loue only one, because loue cannot force them to like any other: so that they sowe their loue in ioy, and reape it in pleasure. Woulde God thou hadst bene borne in this soile, or brought vp in the same sort, so shouldest thou haue triumphed ouer beautie as a slaue, which now leadeth thée as a seruile captiue.

O infortunate Myrania and therefore infortunate, because Myrania, hast thou so little force to withstande fancy, as at the firste alarum thou muste yælde to affection? canst thou not loke with Salmacis but thou must loue? canst thou not sée with Smylax but thou must sigh? canst thou not view Narcissus with Ecchо but thou must be bowed to his beauty? Learne, learn fond fœle by others mishaps to beware: for she that loueth in hast, oftimes, nay alwaies repẽteth at leisure. The Hippians anoynting themselues with the fat of the fish Mugra, passe through most furious flames without any peril

The people called Psilli, as long as they sacrifice vnto Vesta can be hurt with no venimous serpentes. Telephus as long as he woze ȳ counterfeit of Pallas shield, was invulnerable, and thou as long as thy minde is fraught with the chaste thoughts of Diana, cãst neuer be fired with the haples flame of Venus: arme thy selfe with reason, and thou maiest passe through Cytheria without danger: let thy will and wit be directed with aduised counsaile, and thou maiest saye: Cupid I defie thée.

Ah Myrania, things are sone promised, but not so easilye performed: it is easie to sound the victorie, but passing hard to obtaine the conquest: all can say I would ouercome, but few or none returne with triumph. Beautie is therefore to be obeyed, because it is beautie, and loue to be feared of men, because honoured of the Gods. Dare reason abide the brunt, when beautie bids the battell: can wisedome win the fielde, when loue is Captaine? No no, loue is without lawe, and therefore aboue all law, honored in heauen, feared in earth, and a very terror to the infernall goastes.

Bowe then vnto that Myrania wherevnto lawlesse necessity doth bend: be not so fond as with Zerxes to bynd the Ocean sea in fetters: fight not with ȳ Rascians against ȳ wind: seeke not with them of Scyrus to shoote against the starres: contend not with Niobe against Latona, nor striue not with Sapho against Venus: for loue being a Lord, lookes to command by power, and to be obeyed of force.

Trueth Myrania, but what then, to loue is easy, & perhaps good, but to like wel is hard & a doubtful chance: fãcy thy fill (fond foole) so thou bend not thy affectiõ to thy fathes fo: for to loue him who seeks his life, is to war against nature & fortune Is there none worthy to be thy fere but Arbasto, ȳ curssed enimy to thy country: can none win thy good will but ȳ bloody wretch, who seeketh to bréed thy fathers bane: can the eagle & the bird Osiphage build in one trée: wil the faulcõ & the doue couet to sit on one pearch: wil the Ape & the Beare be tied in one tedder: wil the Foxe & the Lambe ly in one den: no they want

want reaſō, & yet nature ſuffers them not to liue againſt nature: wilt thou then be ſo wilful or witleſs: as hauing reaſon to guide nature: yet to be more vnnatural thā vnreaſonable creatures: be ſure if thou fal in this thou ſtriueſt againſt the gods, & in ſtriuing with them looke for a moſt ſharp reuenge.

Tuſh I know this: but hath not loue ſet downe his ſentence, & ſhal I appeale frō his cenſure: ſhal I deny ỹ whiche ỹ deſtinies haue decrēd: no, for though Cydippa rebelled for a time, yet ſhe was forſt at laſt to make ſuite to Venus for a pardon, & I may ſeeke to hate Arbaſto, but neuer finde where to begin to miſlike him. And with that, ſuch fiery paſſiōs oppreſſed hir, as ſhe was faine to ſend forth ſcalding ſighs somwhat to eaſe hir inflamed fācy, which being ſorrowfully ſobbed forth, ſhe had begun a freſh to poure forth hir pitiful complaints, if hir ſiſter Doralice being accōpanied with other gētlewomē had not driuen hir out of theſe dūps, whom ſhe no ſoner ſpied, but leauing hir paſſiōs, ſhe warēd pleaſant, couering care with conceits, & a mourning hart wō a merry countenance, leaſt hir ſorrowful lōks might giue ỹ company occaſion to coniecture ſomewhat was amiſſe. But I alas whiche felt ỹ furious flames of fācy to broile inceſſantly within my breſt, could not ſo cunningly diſſēble my paſſions, but all my Pēres ſaw I was perplexed: for whereas before this ſuddain chāce, Pelorus miſfortune procured my mirth, now the foile which I reaped by affectiō, draue me to a dēper miſery. In ỹ day (to the encreaſing of my care) I ſpent the time in ſolitary dumps, in the night affected thoughtes & viſions ſuffered me ſcarce to ſlumber: for alas there is no greater enimy to the mind, thā in loue to liue without hope, which doubt was the ſum of my endles ſorrow, ỹ in ſeeing my ſelf fettered, I could ſee no hope at al of my fredome: yet to mitigate my miſery, I thought to walke from ỹ camp toward the city, that I might at the leaſt fēde my eie with the ſight of ỹ place wherein the miſtreſſe of my hart was harbored, taking with me only for cōpanion a Duke of my country called Egerio, vnto whome I durſt beſt commit my ſecrete affaires, who noting my vnaccuſtomed paſſions, coniecturing the cauſe of my care by the

outwarde effectes, coueting carefully to apply a ſalue to my ſore: and to driue me from ſuch drowſie thoughtes, wakened me from my dumpes with this pleaſant deuiſe.

SIr (quoth he) I haue often maruelled, and yet cãnot ceaſe to muſe at the madnes of thoſe men, whome the common people think to honour with the glorious title of louers, who whẽ raſhly they purchaſe their own miſhap in placing their affection, where either their diſabilitie or the deſtinies deny ſucceſſe to their ſuites, doe either paſſe their daies in endleſſe dolor, or preuent miſery by vntimely death. If theſe paſſionate patients liſtned as little to Venus allurements as I to Cupids flatteries, few men ſhould haue cauſe to cal the gods vniuſt, or women cruell: for I thinke of loue as Mylciades the Atheniã did, who was wont to ſay, that of al the plagues wherewith the Gods did afflict mortall men, loue was the greateſt, in that they ſought that as an heauenly bliſſe which at laſt they found their fatall bane.

HEaring Egerio thus cunninglye and couertly to touche me at the quicke, thought to dally with hym in thys wiſe.

WHy Egerio (quoth I) doeſt thou count it a madnes to loue, or doſt thou thinke him raſh which yeldeth vnto affection: knoweſt thou not that loue is diuine, and therefore commandeth by power, and that he enioyneth by deſtinie cannot be reſiſted. I am not of that mind with Mylciades that loue is a plague, but rather I thinke he is fauoured of ẏ gods that is a happy louer.

TRueth (quoth he) but who is happy in loue? he that hath the happieſt ſucceſſe? no: for I count him moſt vnhappye which in loue is moſt happy.

WHy then Egerio (quoth I) thou thinkeſt him vnhappy in

in that he loueth.

Or else may it please your highnes (quoth he) I should think amisse: for shall I count him fortunate whiche for one dram of prosperitie reapeth a whole pound of miserie: or shall I estéeme that louer happy, whose greatest gaine is but golden griefe: nay that is not to be called pleasure, which is sauced with paine, nor that goodlucke whose guerdon is losse.

Sith Egerio (quoth I) thou dost thus broadly blaspheme against Cupide, tel me why thou thinkest ill of loue.

BEcause Syr (quoth he) it is loue, being such a frantick frēzie which so infecteth the mindes of men, as vnder ỹ taste of Nectar, they are poysoned with the water of Styx: for as he which was charmed by Lara sought still to heare hyr inchantment, or as the Déere after once he brouseth on the Tamariske tree, will not be driuen away till he dieth: so our amorous louers haue their senseleste sences so besotted wyth the power of this lasciuious God, that they counte not themselues happy but in their supposed vnhappines, being at most ease in disquiet, at greatest rest when they are most troubled, séeking contentation in care, delight in misery, and hunting grædily after that whiche alwaies bringeth endeles harme.

This is but your sentence Egerio (quoth I) but what reasons haue you to confirme your censure?

SUche (quoth he) as your highnes can neither mislike nor infringe: for the first step to loue is the losse of liberty, tying the minde to the will of hir who either too curious lyttle respecteth his suit, or too coy smally regardeth his seruice: yet he is so blinded with the vale of fond affection, ỹ he counteth hir sullennes sobernes, hir vaine charines vertuous chastitie if she be wanton he counteth hir wittie, if too familiar courteous, so besotted with the drugs of doting loue, that euerye fault is a vertue, and though euery string be out of tune, yet the musicke cannot sound amisse: resembling Timanthes the

painter who shadowed the worst pictures with the freshest colours.

The paines that louers take for hunting after losse, if their mindes were not charmed with some secrete inchantment, were able either to kæpe their fancies from being inflamed, or else to cools desire being already kindled: for the dayes are spent in thoughts, the nights in dreames, both in danger, either beguiling vs of that we had, or promising vs that we haue not. The heade fraught with fantasies, fiered with Iealosie, troubled with both: yea so many inconueniẽces waite vpon loue as to recken them all were infinite, and to taste but one of them intollerable, being alwaies begun with grief, continued with sorrow, and ended with death: for it is a paine shadowed with pleasure, and a ioy stuffed wyth misery: so that I conclude, that as none euer sawe the altars of Basyris with sorrow, nor banqueted with Pholus wythout surfeiting: so as impossible it is to deale with Cupid, and not gaine either spœdie death, or endlesse danger.

As I was ready to reply to Egerios reasons, drawing to a smal thicket of trées, which was hard adioyning to the citie, I spied where some of the french dames were friendelye sitting about a clære foũtain, of whom after I had takẽ a narrow view, I easily perceiued they were 3. ladies (accõpanyed only with one page) namely Myrania, Doralice, & their nurse called madam Vecchia, whiche sudden sight so appalled my senses, as if I hád béne appointed a newe Iudge to the thræ goddesses in the valley of Ida: yet færing before my eies the mistresse of my thoughts, and the Saint vnto whome I did owe my deuotion, I began to take harte at grace, thynking that by this fit opportunity, loue and Fortune began to fauour my enterprise, willing therfore not to permit so good an occasion, I boldly paced to them, whome I saluted in this sort.

Faire Ladies (quoth I) the sight of your surpassing beauty so dazeled my eyes, as at the first I was in doubt, whither

I

I should honour you as heauenly nymphes, or salute you as earthly creatures: but as I was in this dump, I readily called to minde the figure of your diuine faces, which bæyng at my comming to your fathers court, by some secret influence most surely impzinted in my fancy, I haue hitherto without any spark of forgetfulnes perfectly reteined, feling euer since in my hart such strange passions, and vnaccustomed deuotiõ to your beautie and vertues, as I woulde think the gods and Fortune did fauoure me, if either I might find occasion to manifest my affection, or liue to dw you seruice.

DOralice hearing me thus strangely to salute hir, although she sawe hir selfe in the handes of hir fathers foe: yet as no thing dismaide, with a coy countenance, she gaue me this crabbish answere.

Syr (quoth she) if at the first loke you take vs for nymphes by the perfection of our diuine beauty, it semeth vnto vs that either your women in Denmarke are very fowle, or your sight sore blemisht since your cõming into France: for we know our imperfections far vnworthy of such dissembled praise. But Diomedes smiled most when he pretended greatest mischiefe: Scyron entertained his guestes best, when he ment to intreat them worst: Lycaon feasted Iupiter when he sought to betray him: the Hiena euer fawneth at hir pray: the Syrens sing when they meane to inchãt: Cyrces is most pleasant when she presenteth poison: and so you, in praising our beautie seke to spill our blood: in extolling our perfection, to make vs moste imperfect, in wishing openlye our weale, secretly to worke our death and destruction. For your seruice you offer vs, we so much the more mislike it for his sake that makes the proffer: for we are not so inueigled with selfe loue, nor so senceleste to conceiue, but that we think he little fauoreth the stems that cutteth downe the olde stocke, he little respecteth the twyg that tendereth not the rote, & he lightly lo-

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ueth the child, that deadly hateth the father. Polixena counted Achilles a flatterer, because he cõtinued the siege against Troy. Cressid therefore forsoke Troilus, because he warred against the Grecians: & we cannot count him a priuy friende which is our open foe.

WHy Madame (quoth I) did not Tarpeia fauour Tatius though a foe to Rome? did not Scylla respect Minos though he besieged Nisus?

Trueth syr (quoth Myrania) but the gaines they got was perpetuall shame and endlesse discredit: for the one was slain by the Sabynes, ỹ other reiected by Minos. The young faunes cannot abide to loke on the Tiger: the Halciones are no sooner hatched, but they hate the Eagle: Andromache woulde neuer trust the faire spæches of Pyrhus, nor Dido laugh whẽ she sawe Hierbas smile: where the party is knowne for a professed foe, there suspitious hate ensueth of course, & fond were that person that would think wel of him that proffereth poyson though in a golden pot.

MAdam (quoth I) know it is hard where mistrust is harbored to infer belief or to procure credit where his truth is called in question: but I wish no better successe to happen to my selfe, than in hart I dw imagine to you al: swearing by the gods, that I dw honour your beauties & vertues so much, that if I had won the conquest, and you were my captyues, yet I would honour you as my souereigns, and obey you as a louing subiect.

But I pray God (quoth Madam Vechia) you haue neuer occasion to shewe vs such fauoure, nor we cause to stande to your curtesie: for I doubt we should find your glowing heate turned to a chilling colde, and your great promises to small performance.

In the meane time (and with that she toke Myrania and Doralicia by the hands) we will leaue you to returne to the

campe

campe, and we will repaire to the citie, willing to giue you thanks for your good will, when we find you a friend, and not before.

NAy Madame (quoth I) not so, for construe of my meaning how you please, or accept of my companie how you list, I will not be so discurteous to leaue you so slenderlie guided, as in the gard of this little page. And with that, taking Doralicia by the hand, willing not to let slip so fit opportunitie, I began to court hir on this manner.

THe choice is hard Madame Doralice (quoth I) where the partie is compelled either by silence to die with griefe, or by vnfolding his mind, to liue with shame, yet so swæte is the desire of life, and so bitter the passions of loue, that I am enforced to prefer an vnsæmely suite before an vntimely death. Loth I am to speake, and in despaire I am to spæde, in the one shewing my selfe a coward, in the other weying mine owne case. For considering what loue is, I faint, and thinking how I am counted a foe, I feare. But sith where loue commandeth, there it is follie to resist, so it is (Madame) that intending to be victor, I am become a vassall, comming to conquer, I am caught a captiue, sæking to bring other into thrall, alas I haue lost mine owne libertie: Your heauenly beautie hath brought me into bondage, your exquisite perfection hath snared my frædome, your vertuous qualities hath subdued my mind, as only your curtesie may frée me from care, or your crueltie crosse me with calamitie. To recount the sorrowes I haue susteined since I first was inueigled with thy beautie, or the seruice I haue vowed vnto thy vertue, since thou doest count my talke, though neuer so true, but mære toies, were rather to brède in thée an admiration then a beléefe. But this I added for the time, whiche the end shall trie for a truth, that so faithfull is my affection, and so loyall is my loue, that if thou take not pitie of my

passions, eyther my life shall be too short, or my miserie too long.

DOralicia hearing attentiuely my talke, ofttimes changed colour, as one in great choller, being so inflamed with a melancholicke kinde of hate, as she was not of a long time able to vtter one word, yet at last with a face full of furie, shée burst forth into these despightfull termes.

WHy Arbasto (quoth she) art thou of late become frantick, or dwelt thou thinke me in a frenzie: hast thou béene bitten with the serpent Amphisbena which procureth madnesse, or dwelt thou suppose me fraught with some lunaticke fits, for thy spæche makes me thinke, either thou art troubled with the one, or that thou counts me combred with the other: if this thy poysoned parle were in iest, it was too broade, weying the case, if in earnest, too bad considering the person: for to talke of peace amidst the pikes, sheweth either a coward or a counterfaite: and to sue for loue by hate, either frenzie or follie. It is a mad Hare Arbasto that will bée caught with a taber, a grædie fishe that commeth to a bare hooke, a blind goose that runneth to the fores sermon, and shée a louing foole that stoupeth to hir enemies lure. No no, thinke me not so fond, or at least hope not to find me so foolishe, as with Phryne to fancie Cecrops, with Harpalice to like Archemorus, with Scilla to loue Mynos, with careleste Mynions so far to forget mine honor, mine honestie, my parents, & my countrie, as to loue, nay not deadly to hate him which is a foe to the least of these: for erperience teacheth me, that the fairer the stone is in the Toades head, the more pestilent is the poison in hir bowels, the brighter the serpents scales be, the more infectious is hir breath, and the talke of an enimie, the more it is seasoned with delight, the more it sauoureth of despight, cease then to sæke for loue, where thou shalt find nothing but hate, for assure thy selfe, if thou didst

fancie

fancie as faithfullie, as thou dweſt flatter falſelie, yet the guerdon for thy loue ſhoulde bée onely thys, that I wyll pray inceſſantly to the Gods in thy life to peſture thée with earthly torments, and after death, to plague thée with helliſh tortures.

ALthough theſe bitter blaſtes of Doralicia had béene a ſufficient cooling card to quench fond affection, yet as the cold water cauſeth the ſeacole to burne more freſhly, ſo hir deſpitefull tearmes far more inflamed my deſire, that I made hir this friendly replie.

ALas (Madame) weigh my caſe with equitie: if you hate me, as I am a foe to Pelorus, yet fauour me as I am a friend to Doralicia. If you loath mée as a conquerour of your Countrey, yet pitie me as I am a captiue to your beautie. If you vouchſafe not to liſten to the lure of your enemie, yet heare the paſſionate plaintes of a perplexed louer, who leading others in triumph, yet he himſelfe liueth in moſt hapleſſe ſeruitude.

If I haue done amiſſe Doralicia, I will make amendes: if I haue committed a fault, I will both requite it and recompence it: as I haue béene thy fathers foe, ſo I will bée hys faithfull friend, as I haue ſought his bale, ſo I will procure his bliſſe: yea, I will go againſt the haire in all things, ſo I may pleaſe thée in any thing.

But as I was about to make a longer diſcourſe, ſhe cut me off in this wiſe.

IN faith Sir (quoth ſhe) ſo well I do like you, that you can not more diſpleaſe mée, than in ſéeking to pleaſe mée: for if I knewe no other cauſe to hate thée, yet thys woulde ſuffice, that I can not but miſlike thée: bée therefore my fathers friend or his foe, like him or hate him, yet this aſſure thy ſelfe, I will neuer loue thée. And with that ſhée flong

from me in a great chafe. Replie I could not: for by this we were come to the gates of the Citie, where (though vnwilling) I toke my leaue of them in this sort.

I Am sorie Ladies that such is my lucke, and so vnhappie is my lot, that in offering my selfe a companion, I haue greatly offended you with my companie: yet since I can not striue against chance, I thinke my selfe happie that fortune hath honored me with the fruition of your presence, hoping when time shall trie my words no tales but truth, you will at least make me amends with crying *peccaui*. In the meane while I commit you to the tuition of the Gods, praying fortune rather to plague me with all mishap, then to crosse you with any chip of mischance.

The thankes I had for this my friendly curtesie, was a coy disdainefull loke of Doralicia, and a churlish vale of the old trot Vechia, but Myrania as one stong with the pricke of fancie bad me farewell, with a more curteous cloze.

IF sir (quoth she) the secret intent of your friendship had bene agreeable to the outward manner of your curtesie, we had without rubbing our memories ere this yelded you great thanks for your companie: but sith you grete vs with a Iudas kisse, we thinke we haue small cause to gratifie you for your kindnesse: notwithstanding, least you should accuse vs wholly of discurtesie, we say we thanke you, whatsoeuer we thinke, and with that, she cast on me such a louing loke, as she semed to play loth to depart. Well, they now returning to the Court, and I now retyring to the campe, feeling my selfe deepely perplexed, yet as much as I could dissembled my passions, willing in loue not be counted a louer, ieasting therefore with Egenio, I thus began to drawe him on.

HOw now Egenio (quoth I) hath not the beautie of these faire Ladies brought you from your fond heresie? will you

you not be content for blaſpheming of loue, in penance to carrie a burning faggot before Cupid? me thought your eyes were gazing, whereſoeuer your heart was gadding: but tell me in good troth, is not Doralicia worthy to be loued?

YEs ſir (quoth he) if ſhe were not Doralicia, for as ſhe is beautifull, ſhe is to be liked of all, but as ſhe is Pelorus daughter, not to be deſired of Arbaſto, leaſt in ſeeking to gaine hir loue, he getteth that which he leaſt loketh for.

WHy Egerio (quoth I) what ill lucke can enſue of loue, when I meane not to venture but vpon truſt, nor to truſt without ſufficient triall.

SUch (quoth he) as happened to Achilles by Polixena, and yet he feared Priamus. But alas ſir, I ſigh to thinke, and I ſorrow to ſee that reaſon ſhould yeeld to affection, libertie to loue, freedome to fancie, that Venus ſhould beare the target, and Mars the diſtaffe: that Omphale ſhoulde handle the club, and Hercules the ſpindle: that Alexander ſhould crouch, and Campaſpe bee coy: that a warlike minde ſhoulde yeilde to a little wauering beautie, and that a Prince whoſe prowеſſe could not be ſubdued, ſhould by loue become ſubiect at the firſt ſhot.

WHat Egerio (quoth I) knoweſt thou not that hee whome no mortall creature can controule, loue can commaunde: that no dignitie is able to reſiſt Cupides deitie: Achilles was inbulnerable, yet wounded by fancie: Hercules not to bee conquered of anie, yet quickly vanquiſhed by affection: Mars able to reſiſt Iupiter, but not to withſtand beautie. Loue is not only kindled in the eie by deſire, but ingrauen in the minde by deſtiny, which neyther reaſon can eſchue, nor wiſedome expell.

The more pitie (quoth he) for poore men, and the greater impietie in the Gods, that in giuing loue frée libertie, they graunted him a lawlesse priuiledge. But since Cupid will be obeyed, and Arbasto is willing to be obedient, would God loue had either aimed amisse, or else had not made Doralicia the mart.

NOt willing that Egerio should be priuie to my passions, told him that what I spoke was in iest, and that if euer I did fancie as yet I knew not what it meant: I woulde vse loue as the Persians did the Sunne, who in the morning honor it as a God, and at noone tide curse it as a Diuell. Concealing thus my care, the couered sparkes burst into greate flames, that comming to my tent, I was forst to cast my selfe vpon my bed, where I sobbed forth sorrowfully these words.

ALas Arbasto, how art thou perplexed, thou both liuest in ill hap, and louest without hope: thou burnest in desire, and art cooled with disdaine: thou art bidden to the feast by loue, and art beaten with the spit by beauty. But what then, doest thou count it care which thou sufferest for Doralicia, who shameth Venus for hir hue, and staineth Diana for hir chastitie. Yea but Arbasto, the more beautie she hath, ỹ more pride, and the more vertue, the more preciseneese. None must play on Mercuries pipe, but Orpheus: none rule Lucifer but Phebus: none weare Venus in a tablet, but Alexander, nor none enioy Doralicia, but such a one as farre exceedeth thée in person and parentage: thou séest she hath denied thy suite, disdained thy seruice, lightly respected thy loue, and finally regarded thy liking, only promising this, while she liues to be thy protested foe. And what then fond foole, wilt thou shrinke for an Aprill shoure? knowest thou not that a deniall at the first is a graunt, and a gentle answere a flattering floute: that the more they séeme at ỹ first to loath, the

more

more they loue at the laſt. Is not Venus paynted catching at the ball with hir hands, which ſhe ſeemeth to ſpurne at with hir foote? Doth not the Myrre tree being hewne, yéld no ſap, which not moued, poureth forth ſyrop: and women béing woed, denie that whiche of themſelues they moſt earneſtlie deſire.

The ſtone Sandaſtra is not ſo harde, but being heat in the fire, it may be wrought: no Iuorie ſo tough, but ſeaſoned with Zutho, it may be ingrauen: no Hawke ſo haggard, which in time may not be called to the lure: nor no woman ſo wilfull, which by ſome meanes may not be won. Hope the beſt then and be bold, for loue and fortune careth not for cowards.

TUſh Arbaſto, what néedeſt thou pine thus in hapleſſe paſſions, or ſéeke for that with ſorrowe, which thou mayeſt obtayne with a ſmall ſuite, raiſe but thy ſiege, graunt but conditions of peace, ſhewe but a friendly countenance to Pelorus, and he neither will nor dare denie thée his daughter Doralicia. Do this then Arbaſto, nay I will dow it, and that with ſpéede, for now I agrée to Tully, that it is good, *Iniquiſſimam pacem iuſtiſſimo bello anteponere.*

WEll, being reſolued vpon this point, I felt my minde diſburthened of a thouſand cares, wherewith before I was clogged, féeding my ſelfe with the hope of that pleaſure, which when I enioied, ſhould recompence my former paine. But alas, poore Myrania could not féele one minute of ſuche eaſe, for ſhe vnceſſantly turned the ſtone with Syſiphus, rolled on the whéele with Ixion, and filled the bottomleſſe tubs with Belydes, in ſo much, that when ſhe coulde find no meanes to mitigate hir mallady, ſhe fell into theſe bitter complaints.

Ah Myrania, ah wretched wēch Myrania, how art thou without reaſon, which ſuffereſt reaſon to yéelde vnto appetite,

wiſedome vnto ſenſuall will, and a frée mind vnto ſeruile loue: but I perceyue, when the vine riſeth, it wreatheth about the Elme: when the hop groweth high, it hath néede of a poale, and when virgins wax in yeares, they followe ỳ which belongeth to their youth. Loue, loue, yea but they loue expecting ſome good hap, and I alas both loue, and liue without all hope, for Arbaſto is my foe, and yet if he were my friend, he liketh not me, he loketh only vpon Doralicia. Sith then Myrania thou art pinched, and haſt none to pittie thy paſſions, diſſemble thy loue though it ſhorten thy life: for better it were to die with gréefe, than liue with ſhame. The ſponge is full of water, yet is not ſéene. The leafe of ỳ trée Alpyna though it bée wet, loketh alwayes drie, and a wiſe louer, bée ſhée neuer ſo much tormented, behaueth hir ſelfe as though ſhée were not touched. Yea, but fire can not bée hidden in the flare without ſmoke, nor muſke in the boſome without ſmell, nor loue in the breſt without ſuſpition. Why then ſéeke ſome meanes to manifeſt thy loue to Arbaſto, for as the ſtone Draconites can by no meanes bée polliſhed, vnleſſe the Lapidarie burne it, ſo thy mynde can by no medicine bée cured, vnleſſe Arbaſto eaſe it: alas Arbaſto, ſwéete Arbaſto. And with that, ſhe fetcht ſuch a groning ſigh, that one of hir maydes came into the chamber, who by hir preſence putting hir from hir paſſions, ſate ſo long by, till tyred with drowſie thoughts ſhe fell in a ſlumber.

FOrtune frowning thus vppon hir (as I ſuppoſed) and fawning vpon me, I ſet my foote on the fayreſt ſands, although at laſt I found them moſt fickle, thinking I muſt néedes treade the meaſures right whē fortune piped ỳ dance, but though I threw at all, yet my chance was bard, for Peloras trifling for truce pretended treaſon, making a ſhew of feare, ſought ſubtely how to ouerthrow me by deceipt, ſaying, that in ruling of Empires there is required as great

pollicy

pollicy as prowesse, in gouerning an estate close cruelty doth more good than open clemency: for the obtaining of a kingdome as well mischiefe as mercie is to be practised: that better he had commit an inconuenience in breaking his othe, than suffer a mischiefe by kéeping his promise: setting down the staf therefore on this secure periury thus it fell out.

AFter two or three daies were passed, accompanied only wyth Egerio and a fewe of my guard, I went to Orleance, determining both to conclude a peace and to demande Doralicia in marriage: where no sooner I arriued, and was entered into the gates of the city, but I found Pelorus and al his men in armes, which sight so appalled my senses, that I stoode as one transformed, fearing that whiche presentlye I found true: for Pelorus hauing his force inflamed with furious choller, commanded his captaynes to lay hold on me, and to carry me to close prison, swearing that no lesse than the losse of life should mitigate his fury.

And raging in this choller, after he had lodged me vp in Lymbo, he went with all his armie to the campe, where finding my soldiers secure, as men little doubting of such mishap, he made suche a monstrous and mercileste slaughter, as of fifty thousand he left fewe aliue, those which remayned he plagued with all kind of slauerye, returning home with this shamefull triumph, he commanded that in the middest of the Citie there shoulde be made a greate scaffold, wherevppon within ten daies I shoulde be executed: these heauy and hapleste newes being come to my eares, such sorrowful passions perplexed my mind, as after flouds of brynish teares, I burst forth into these bitter termes.

O Infortunate Arbasto (quoth I) and therfore the more infortunate because Arbasto, art thou not worthye of thys mishap, which wilfully sought thy owne misery? canst thou accuse the Gods, which didst striue against the Gods? canst thou condemne Fortune, which hast warred against nature

and Fortune: No no, in sufferyng reason to yéelde vnto appetite, wysedome vnto wyll, and wyt vnto affection, thou haste procured thine owne death and thy Soldiers destruction. Loue, yea loue it is that hath procured thy losse, beautie that hathe bred thy bale: fancye that hath giuen thée the foile, and thyne owne witlesse wyll that hath wrought thy woe: the more is thy paine, and the lesse thou art to be pitied: was there there none to like but Doralicia? none to chose but thy foe? none to loue but thy enimy? O vile wretch fraught with carelesse folly.

And with that as I was readye to exclaime againste my cursed destiny, I hearde the prison doore open, where I sawe presently to enter Myrania, Doralicia, and Madam Vecchia, who seeing me sit in such sorrowfull dumpes, began to smile at my dolor, and to laugh at my mishap, whiche wylfullye thrust my selfe into suche miserye, thinkyng therefore to aggrauate my griefe by rubbing afresh my soare, Doralice began to gall me on this sort.

HEaring Arbasto (quoth she) that you were come to prosecute your suite, playing the good captayne that for the first foile giueth not ouer the field, I thought good to giue you a smiling looke in recompence of your flatteryng loue, leaste if I shoulde not be so curteous to so kind a Gentleman, the world shoulde account me ingratefull.

TRuthe sister (quoth Myrania) it séemes he is a passing amorous louer: but it is pitie he hath very ill lucke: he choseth his chaffer well, but yet is an vnskilfull chapman, for if he buy at such an vnreasonable rate, he is like (tel how he cã) to liue by the losse.

TIshe (quoth Madame Vecchia) he playeth like the Dragon, who sucking blood out of the Elephant, killeth him, and with the same poiseneth hir selfe: so Arbasto séeking to betray

betray others, is himselfe taken in the trap: a iust reward for so vniust dealing and a fit reuenge for so reckelesse an enimy.

AND yet (quoth Doralicia) his purpose hath taken small place: for whatsoeuer his mind was, his malice hath wãted might, wherin he resembleth the serpẽt Porphirus, who is full of poison, but being toothlesse hurteth none but himselfe. Surely whatsoeuer his chance be, he hath made a verye good choice: for he preferreth sweete loue before bitter death, & the hope of euerlasting fame before the feare of momentany misfortune: he shall nowe for his constancye be canonized in Denmark for a sainct, & his subiects may boast and say, that Arbasto our king died for loue.

EGerio seing that extremity of grief would not suffer me to vtter one word, not able any longer to abide these frũps crost hir with this chollericke reply.

GEntlewoman (quoth he) although I so terme you, rather to shewe mine owne curtesie, than to decypher your conditions, it seemeth nurture hath taught you very few maners or nature afforded very small modesty, that seing one in distresse, you shoulde laugh at his dolor, and where the partie is crossed with mishap, you should with bitter tants increase his misery: if he be your foe he hath now the foile, he is taken in the snare, his life hangeth in the ballance.

THough your father be without piety, yet in that you are a woman be not without pitie. Hate him if you please as he is your enimie, but despise him not as he is Arbaste, a kyng and your haples louer: we are captiues not to a worthy conqueror, but to a wretched caitife: not vãquished by prowesse, but by periurie, not by fight, but by falshood: who in our liues to thy fathers losse won continuall fame, and by our death to thy fathers discredite shall purchase vnto hym perpetuall infamy.

DOralicia not willing to suffer him wade any further, cut him short in this manner.

SYr (quoth she) if brags could stand for paiment, I am sure you would not dy in any mans debt: but if your prowesse had bene as good as your prattle, you nede not haue danced within so short a tedder: crauin cocks crowe lowdest, fearful curs barke most, and a hartlesse coward hath alwaies more tongue than a hauty captaine. But I beare with you, for I doubt the feare of death and danger hath driuen thy maister into a colde palsey, and hath made thee either franticke, or lunatick, the one shewing his melancholy, the other bewraying thy choller, willing therefore as a friende you shoulde passe ouer your passions with more patience, we will leaue you as we found you, vnlesse you meane to be shriuen, and then I will send you a goostly father.

OVr confession good mistresse (quoth Egerio) requires but a small shrift: for we haue very little to say, but that Arbasto repents that euer he loued such a peruerse minion, and I that euer I trusted such a periured traitour.

The gentlewoman toke this for a farewell, passing merily to the pallace, and leauing vs sitting sorrowfullye in the prison, bewailing our mishap with teares, and exclaimyng against Fortune with bitter curses, what our complayntes were, it little auaileth to rehearse: for it would but driue thee into dumpes, and redouble my dolor. Suffice this that wee were so long tormented with care, that at last we were past cure, counting this our greatest calamity, that liuing, euerye houre we loked to die.

WEll as thus we were drowned in distresse: so pore Myrania had hir mind doubtfully perlexed. Nature claymed by due to haue the preheminence, and loue sought by force to win the supremacie. Nature brought in Pelorus aged haires

haires to make the challenge, and loue presented Arbastoes swæte face to be the champion: tossed thus with two contrary tempestes, at last she began thus to pleade with hir passions.

Ah thrice infortunate Myrania, what strange fits be these that burne thee with heat, and yet thou shakest with cold: thy bodye in a shiuering sweate and in a flaming fire, melting like ware, & yet as hard as the Adamãt: Is it loue: then would it were death: for likelier it is thou shalt lose thy lyfe than win thy loue.

Ah hapless Arbasto, would to God thy vertues were lesse than thy beautie, or my vertues greater than my affections: so should I eyther quickly free my selfe from fancy, or be lesse subiect vnto follie.

But alas I feele in my mynd fierce skirmishes betwæne reason and appetite, loue and wiledome, danger and desire, the one perswade me to hate Arbasto as a foe, the other cõstraine me to loue him as a friende: If I consent to the firste I ende my daies with death, if to the laste I shall leade my life with infamy. What shall I then doe? Ah Myrania, either swallow the iuyce of Mandrake, whyche may caste thee into a deade sleepe, or chew the hearbe Carysium, which may cause thee to hate euery thing, so shalt thou eyther dye in thy slumber, or mislike Arbasto by thy potion.

Tushe poore wench, what follies be these? wylt thou wyth the Wolfe barke at the Mone, or wyth the young Gryphons pecke agaynst the Starres? Doest thou thinke to quench fire with a sworde: or with affectiõ to mortify loue.

No no, if thou bee wise, suffer not the grasse to bee cut from vnder thy feete, stryke while the Iron is hot, make thy market while the chaffer is set to sale.

Nowe Arbasto is thyne owne, nowe thou mayest win him by loue and weare hym by lawe: thou mayest free him from misery without thy fathers mishap: thou maiest saue

his lyfe wythout thy fathers losse: thou mayest graunte thy good will vnto loue, and yet not falsifie thy faythe vnto nature.

Can Arbasto whyche is so curteous become so cruell? but he wyll requite thy loue with loyaltie, thy faythfull fancie wyth vnfained affection

No no: he wyll and musse loue thée of force, since thou hasse granted him his life of frœwil: he will like thée in thy youth, and honoure thée in thine age: he wyll bée the port of prosperity wherein thou mayest reste, and the hauen of happines, wherein thou mayest harboure without harme: so that thou may say of him as Andromache said by Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris.*

Yea but Myrania yet loke before thou leap, and learn by other mens harms to beware. Ariadne loued Theseus, frée hym from the monstrous Mynotaure, taughte hym to passe the Labozynth, yea forsoke parentes and Countrey for his cause, and yet the guerdon he gaue hyr for hyr godwyll, was to leaue hyr a desolate wretche in a desert wildernesse.

Medea saued Iason from the danger of the Dragons, and yet she founde hym trothlesse: Phillis harbored Demiphon, and Dido Æneas, yet both repaid their loue with hate. Tush the fairest flower hath not the best sent: the Lapidaries chose not the stone by the outwarde coloure, but by the secrete vertue: Paris was faire, yet false: Thiestes was beautifull, but deceitfull: Vulcan was carued in white Iuory, yet a Smyth.

The pretious stones of Mansaulous sepulcher coulde not make the deade carcasse swéete. Beautie Mirania is not alwaies accompanied with vertue, honesty and constancy: but oftimes fraught with vice, and periury'. What then: if some were traitors shall Arbasto be trothlesse? if some were false shall he be faithlesse? no, his beautie and vertue hath won me, and he himselfe shall weare me: I wyll forsake father

father, friends and Country for his cause: yea I wil venture lim and life to frée him from danger, in despight of frowarde Fortune and the destinies.

Myrania being thus resolute in hir opinion, began to cast beyond the moone, and to frame a thousand deuises in hir head to bring hir purpose to passe, fearing euery shadow, douting euery winde, stumbling at the least strawe, yet at ỳ last pricked forwarde by fancy, she thought to preuent all cause of feare in this wise.

The euening before she ment to atchiue hir enterprise she secretly sent for the Tailor by one of hir maids, to whom she durst commit hir secret affaires, who being taught by hir mistresse to play hir part cunningly, brought the Tailor into Myranias chamber by a posterne gate: so that they were neither seene nor suspected of any: where he no sooner came, but he was curteously entertained of the young Ladie, who fayning that she had to debate with him of waighty affaires, called him into hir closet, where treading vpon a false bord, he fel vp to the shoulders, not being able to helpe himselfe, but that he there ended his life.

Myrania hauing desperately atchiued this deed, she straight sought not to rob him of his coyne, but to bereaue him of hys keyes, which after she had gotten, and conueied his carkasse into a secret place, she went in hir night gowne, accompanied only with hir maide to the prison,

Arbasto and Egerio hearing the dores open at suche an vnaccustomed houre, began straight to coniecture that Pelorus ment to murther them secretlye, leaste his owne people shoulde accuse him of cruelty: but as they looked to haue seene the Tailor, they spied Myrania in hir night gowne: which sodaine and vnlooked for sight so appalled their senses, as they were driuen into a maze till Myrania wakened them from their dumpes with this sagred harmonie.

I Perceiue Arbasto (quoth she) that my presence doth make thee to muse, and my sodaine arryuall hath driuen thée into a maze what strange wind should land me in this coast: In troth thou maiest thinke either my message is great, or my modesty little, either that I take small care of my selfe, or repose very great trust in thée, who at a time vnfit for my calling, haue without any guarde come to a stranger a captiue: yea and my fathers fatal foe. I confesse it is a fault if I were not forste: but since necessitye hath no lawe, I thinke I haue the lesse broken the lawe. But to leaue off these nédeless preãbles, where delay brédes no lesse danger thã death: know this Arbasto, that since thy first arriual at my fathers court, mine eies haue béene so dazeled with the beames of thy beauty, and my mind so snared with the view of thy vertues, as thou only art the man whome in hart I loue and like: séeing the therfore drowned here by aduerse fortune in most haples distresse, willing to manifest the loyalty of my loue in effect, which I haue protested in wordes: I haue rather chosen to hazzard both my life and honor, than not to offer thée peace if thou wilt agrée vnto the conditions. As my Father hathe wrought thy woe I wyll worke thy weale: as he hath sought thy bale, I wyll procure thy blysse: from penurie I wyl set thée in prosperity. I wil frée thée from prison from danger, yea from death itselfe. I wyll in yéeldyng to loue, dissent from nature to leaue my father, friends & Countrey, and passe with thée into Denmarke. And to cut off speeches, which might séeme to sauoure eyther of flattery or deceyte: as thou arte the firste vnto whome I haue vowed my loue, so thou shalt be the laste, requiryng no méede for my meryt, nor no other guerdon for my good will, but that thou wilt take me to thy wife, and in pledge of my trothe, sée here the keyes, and all other thynges prouyded for our spéedye. passage,

Myrania

MYrania had no ſoner vttered theſe woꝛds, but my mind was ſo rauiſhed, as I was dꝛiuen into an extaſie foꝛ ioy, ſæing that the terroꝛ of death was taken away with the hope of life, that from heauinesſe I ſhould be reſtoꝛed to happineſſe, and from moſt carefull miſerie, to moſt ſecure felicitie, I theꝛefoꝛe framed hir this anſwere.

AH Myrania, the pureſt emerauld ſhineth bꝛighteſt when it hath no oyle, and truth delighteth when it is apparelled woꝛſt. Flatter I will not, faithfull I muſt be, willed from the one by conſcience, and dꝛiuen to the other by your curteſie, whiche by how muche the leſſe I haue meꝛited it by deſert, by ſo much the moꝛe I am bound to requite it by dutie. To decipher in coloured diſcourſes, and to paint out with curious ſhadowes, how humblie I accept of your offer, and how greatly I thinke my ſelfe beholding to the Gods foꝛ bleſſing me with ſuch an happie chance: what my loyaltie and truth ſhall be, were but to pꝛoue that which your Ladyſhip hoping of my conſtancie hath not put in queſtion. The guerdon you craue foꝛ your good will is ſuch, that if your curteſie had not foꝛced me to it by conſtraint, yet your beautie and vertues are ſo great, as fancie would haue compelled me by conſent. Myrania, what thou canſt wiſh in a true and truſtie louer, I pꝛomiſe to perfoꝛme, ſwearing vnto thée, that the floods ſhall flowe againſt their ſtreames, the earth ſhall mount againſt his courſe, yea, my carkaſſe ſhall be conſumed vnto duſt and aſhes, befoꝛe my mind ſhall be found diſloyall, and to this I call the Gods to witneſſe, of whome I deſire no longer to liue, than I meane ſimplie to loue.

OH Arbaſto (quoth ſhe) would God I had neuer ſæne thée, oꝛ that I may finde thy woꝛkes according to thy woꝛds, otherwiſe ſhall I haue cauſe to wiſh I had bin moꝛe cruell, oꝛ leſſe curteous. But loue will not let me doubt the

worſt, but bids me hope the beſt: yet thus much I may ſay, when Iaſon was in danger, who more faithfull, when Theſeus feared the labyrynth, who more loyall, when Demophon ſuffered ſhipwracke, who more loving: but I will not ſay what I thinke Arbaſto, becauſe thou ſhalt not ſuſpect I feare.

MAdame (quoth Egerio) Arbaſto is my ſoueraigne, and I both honor and feare him as a ſubiect, yet if he ſhould but once in heart thinke to be diſloiall to Myrania, the Gods confound me with all earthlie plagues, if I would not of a truſtie friend become his mortall foe.

TIs eaſie to perſwade hir Egerio (quoth ſhe) who alreadie is moſt willing to beléeue, let vs leaue therefore theſe nédeleſſe proteſtations, and go to the purpoſe, delay breedes danger, time tarieth for no man, ſpéede in neceſſitie is the beſt ſpurre, let vs haſte therefore till we get out of *France*, leaſt if we be preuented, it breede my miſhap, and your fatall miſerie.

VPon this we ſtaied not, but ſhutting the priſon cloſe, gate couertly out of the Citie, paſſing through *France* with many fearefull perils, which to rehearſe, were eyther nédeleſſe or boteleſſe: ſuffice this, we at laſt happily arriued at *Denmarke*, where how I was welcomed home with triumphs, were too long to relate. But how Pelorus was perplexed after he knew of our happie departure, though (God wot) moſt hapleſſe vnto him, I referre to thy good conſideration to coniecture. The old father fretted not ſo faſt in his melancholie, but Doralicia chafed as much in hir choller, blaſpheming bitterly both againſt me & hir ſiſter Myrania, but as words breake no bones, ſo we cared the leſſe for hir ſcolding, fearing not ỹ noiſe of the péece as long as we were without danger of ſhot. Well, leauing them in their dumps, to vs againe which floted in delight. Fickle fortune hauing now hoiſed vs vp to the top of hir inconſtant whéele, ſéeing how careleſſe I ſlumbred in the cradle of ſecuritie, thought

to

to make me a verie mirrour of hir mutabilitie, for she began afresh to turne my tippet in this wise.

AS dayly I flattered Myrania, for fancie her I could not, promising with spæde to call a parlement for the confirmation of the marriage, I still felt the stumps of the olde lone I bare to Doralicia to sticke in my stomacke, the more closely I couered the sparks, the more the flame burst forth, I found absence to increase affection, not to decrease fancie: in the day my mind doted of hir vertues, in the night I dreamed of hir beautie: yea, Cupid began to encounter me with such fresh camizados, as by distance my distresse was farre more augmented, such sighes, such sobs, such thoughts, such paines and passions perplexed me, as I felt this last assault worse than the former batterie. If I loued Doralicia in *France*, I now liked hir thrice better being in *Denmarke* If in presence hir person pleased me, now in absence hir perfection more contented me. To conclude, I sware to my selfe with a solemne sigh, Doralicia was, is, and shall be the mistresse of my hart in despight of the froward destinies, yet amazed at mine owne follie, I began thus to muze with my selfe.

O Fœlish Arbasto, nay rather frantick fondling, hast thou lesse reason then vnreasonable creatures? the Tygre fleeth the traine, the Lyon eschueth the nets, the Deare auoideth the coiles, because they are taken with these instrumẽts, and art thou so mad, as hauing escaped the pikes, wilfully to thrust thy selfe into perill. The child being burnt, hateth the fire, but thou being an olde fœle, wilt with the worme Naplitia no sooner come out of the coales, but thou wilt leape into ỹ flame. But alas what then? I sæ ỹ measure of loue is to haue no meane, & the end to be euerlasting: that to loue is allotted to all, but to be happie in loue incident to few: why, shall I be so mad to loue Doralicia, or so fraught with ingratefull periurie, as not to like Myrania, the one

hath croſſed me with bitter girds, the other courted me with ſwéete glaunces: Doralicia hath rewarded me with diſdaine, Myrania intreated me with deſire, the one hath ſaued my life, the other ſought my death. O Arbaſto, thou ſeeſt the beſt, but I feare like to follow the woorſt. Alas, I can not but loue Doralicia, what then? what reſteth for me to doo but to die with patience, ſéeing I can not liue with pleaſure: yea Arbaſto, die die rather with a ſecret ſcarre, than an open ſkorne, for thou mayſt well ſue, but neuer ſhalt haue good ſucceſſe. And yet Lyons fawne when they are clawed: the moſt cruell Tygres ſtoupe when they are tickled: and women, though neuer ſo obſtinate, yéeld when they are courted. There is no pearle ſo hard, but vynagre breaketh: no diamond ſo ſtonie, but bloud mollifieth, no hart ſo ſtiffe, but loue weakeneth: what though Doralicia ſought thy death, perhaps now ſhe repents, and will giue thée life: though at the firſt ſhe caſt thée a ſtone, ſhe will now throwe thée an apple. Why then Arbaſto aſſault hir once againe with a freſh charge, ſéeke to get that by letters, which thou couldſt not gaine by talke, for one lie is of more force to perſwade, then a months parle, for in writing, thou maiſt ſo ſet downe thy paſſions, and hir perfections, as ſhe ſhall haue cauſe to thinke well of thée, and better of hir ſelfe, but yet ſo warely, as it ſhall be hard for hir to iudge whether thy loue be more faithfull, or hir beautie amiable. I hauing thus determined with my ſelfe, thought as couertly as I could to conceale my affaires, leaſt eyther Myrania or Egeno ſhould ſpie my halting, conueying therefore my affayres as cunningly as I coulde, I priuely ſente an Embaſſadour to Pelorus, to intreate for a contract betwéene vs, and alſo to craue hys daughter Doralicia in marriage, promiſing to ſend him Myrania ſafe vpon this conſent, and withall, I framed a Letter to Doralicia to this effect.

Arbaſto

Arbaſto, to the faireſt Doralicia, health.

SUch and ſo extreame are the paſſions of loue (Doralicia) that the more they are quenched by diſdaine, the greater flame is increaſed by deſire, and the more they are galled with hate, the more they gape after loue, like to the ſtone Topazon, which being once kindled, burneth moſt vehemently in the water. I ſpeake this (the greater is my griefe) by proofe and experience, for hauing my hart ſcorched with the beames of thy beauty, and my mind inflamed with thy ſingular vertue, neither can thy bitter lookes abate my loue, nor thy extreame diſcurteſie diminiſh my affection. No Doralicia, I am not he that will leaue the ſweete eglantine becauſe it pricks my finger, and refuſe the gold in the fire becauſe it burnt my hande, for the mind of a faithfull louer is neither to be daunted with deſpight, nor affrighted with danger: but as the Loadeſtone, what wind ſoeuer doth blowe, turneth alwaies to the North, ſo the loue of Arbaſto is euer more bent to the beauty and vertus of Doralicia, whatſoeuer miſfortune happeneth. Yea, it fareth with me as with the herbe baſill, the which the more it is cruſhed, the ſooner it ſpringeth, or the pure ſpice, which the more it is pouned, the ſweeter it ſmelleth, or the camomill, which the more it is troden with the feete, the more it flouriſheth: ſo in theſe extremities, beaten downe to the ground with diſdaine, yet my loue reacheth to the top of the houſe with hope. Sith then Doralicia, thy beautie hath made the ſore, let thy bountie apply the ſalue, as thy vertue hath cauſed my maladie, ſo let thy mercie giue the medicine: repay not my conſtancie with cruelty, requite not my loue with hate, and my deſire with deſpight, leaſt thou procure my ſpeedie death and thy endleſſe infamie. Thus hoping thou wilt haue ſome remorſe of my paſſions, I attend thy finall ſentence and my fatall deſtinie.

Thyne euer, though neuer thine, Arbaſto.

AS soone as I had written my letter, I dispatcht the messenger as spædely and priuily as might be, who within the space of thræ wækes arriued at *Orleance*, where deliuering his embassage to Peloru⁹, and my letter to Doralicia, he staied for an answere the space of ten daies, in which time, Peloru⁹ consulting with his counsaile, was very willing to graunt me his daughter in marriage, but that by no meanes he could win the good will of Doralicia: sæing therefore no perswasions could preuaile, he dispatcht my messenger with a denial, and Doralicia returned me this frowarde answere.

Doralicia to Arbasto.

WHere didst thou learne sond fole, that being forbidden to be bolde, thou shouldst growe impudent, that willed to leaue off thy suite, yet thou shouldst be importunate: doest thou thinke with the spaniell by fawning when thou art beaten to make thy foe thy friend? no, let others dæme of thæ what they list, I will still compt thæ a curre. Doest thou thinke I will be drawne by thy counterfaite conceites, as the straw by the iet, or as the gold by the minerall Thrisocolla? no, no, if thou sækest to obtaine fauour at my hands, thou doest striue to wring water out of the Pummyce, and doest worke the meanes to increase thine owne shame and my seueritie: for as by instinct of nature there is a secrete hate betwæne the vine and the cabish, betwæne the bore and the gourd, and betwæne the iron and ỹ Theamides, so in my mind I fæle a secret grudge betwæne Arbasto and Doralicia: cease then to gape for that thou shalt neuer get, and take this both for a warning and an answere, that if thou prosecute thy suite, thou doest but persecute thy selfe, for I am neyther to be woed with thy passions whilst thou liuest, nor to repent me of my rigour when thou art dead. For this I sweare, that I will neuer consent to loue him,

whose

whose sight (if I may so say with modestie) is more bitter vnto me than death. Short I am though sharpe, for I loue not to flatter, take this therefore for thy farewell, that I liue to hate thee.

Willing after death if it could be
to be thy foe Doralicia.

AFter that the messenger was returned to *Denmarke*, and that I had receyued and read the letter, such sundrie thoughts assailed me, that I became almost franticke: feare, dispaire, griefe, hate, choller, wrath, desire of reuenge, and what not, so tormented my minde, that I fell to raging against the Gods, to raylingat Doralicia, and to cursing of all womankinde, conceyued suche an extreame hate against hir, as before I loued hir not so hartelie, as nowe I loathed hir hatefully, counting my selfe an vngratefull wretche towardes Myrania, and calling to minde hir beautie and vertue, hir bountie and curtesie, I fell more deepely in loue with hir than euer with Doralicia, so that I could not spare one glaunce from gazing on hir person, nor drawe my mind from musing on hir perfection. A suddaine change, but alas a sorrowfull chance.

For Myrania seing me soused in these sorrowfull dumps, began straight without casting any water, to coniecture my disease, and to shoote at that which indede she hit without any great aime. But as loue is most suspitious, so she began to doubt the worst, fearing that as yet the beautie of Doralicia was not blotted out of my minde, searching therefore narrowly what she coulde either heare or learne of my secretes, at last she founde out that which wrought hir finall mishap, and my fatall miserie. For by luckelesse chance leauing the doore of my closet open, Myrania thinking to synde me at my muses, stumbled on the copie of the Letter whyche I sente to Doralicia, and

vpon the answere which I receyued from that ruthlesse minion, which after she had read, perceyuing how trayterouslie I had requited hir loue with hate, she conueyed hir selfe couertly into hir chamber, where, after she had almost dimmed hir sight with flouds of teares, and burst hir heart with blowing sighes, she fell into these wofull complaints.

O Infortunate Myrania, O hapleſſe Myrania, yea, O thrise accursed Myrania, whome fortune by spight séeketh to foile, whome the destinies by fate are appointed to plague, and whome the Gods by iustice will and must most cruelly reuenge. Thou hast béene a parricide to thy father, in séeking to destroy him by thy disobedience: thou art a traytour to thy countrey, in sauing the enemie of the common wealth, and thou art a foe to nature, in louing disloyall Arbasto: and can the Gods but plague these monstrous iniuries? no no Myrania, thou hast deserued more mishap then either fortune can or will afford thée. Ah cruell and accursed Arbasto, I sée now that it fareth with thée as with the Panther, which hauing made one astonished with his faire sight, séeketh to deuoure him with bloody pursute, & with me poore wench, as it doth with them that view the Basiliske, whose eies procure delight to the loker at the first glimse, but death at the second glaunce. Alas, was there none to like but thy foe? none to loue but Arbasto? none to fancie but a periured dame? none to match with but such a flattering mate? nowe hath thy lawlesse loue gaind a most luckleſſe end: now thou triest by experience, that the trée Alpyna is smoth to bée touched, but bitter to bée tasted: that the fayrest Serpent is most infectious, the finest colour soonest stayned, the cléerest glasse most brittle, and that louers, though they beare a delicate shewe, yet they haue a deceiptfull substance: that if they haue honie in their mouthes, yet they haue gall in their hearts: the more is the pitie, in thée to trust without triall, and the greater impietie in him to bée a traytour,

being

being so well trusted.

Is this the curtesie of Denmarke towardes friendes, to intreat them so despightfully: is my good will not only reiected without cause, but also disdained without coloure? Alas what shall I doe in this extremity, being a forlorne wretche in a forreine country: which way shall I turne me: of whom shall I sèke remedy: Pelorus will reiect me, and why should he not: Arbatto hath reiected me, and why should he: the one I haue offended with too much griefe, the other I haue serued with too great good will: ỹ one is lost with loue, the other with hate: Pelorus, because I cared not for him: Arbatto, because I cared for him, but alas too muche.

And with that she fetcht suche a sigh as witnessed a harte pained with most intollerable passions, yea care and griefe so fiercely and freshly assalted hir, as she fell into a feuer, refusing all sustenance, wishing and calling for nothing but death

While she thus pined away with grief, I sought to search out hir sore, but I coulde not perceiue the cause of hir sorrow, only I did coniecture this, that she doubted my nobles would not consent to our marriage: to rid hir therefore of this care I presently called a Parliament, where without any greate controuersie it was concluded.

This newes being come to the eares of Myrania, it no whit decreased hir dolor, but did rather far the more augment hir distresse, which made Egerio to muse, and drawe me into a great maze: so that accompanied with my nobles, I went to comfort hir, and to carry hir newes, that if she coulde but come into ỹ chãber of presence, she should there be crowned Quéene. But alas when I came and sawe hir so altered in one wéke, wasted to the hard bones, more like a gost than a liuing creature, I began thus to comfort hir.

Ah Myrania (quoth I) more loued of me than mine owne life, and more dére vnto me than my selfe, would God

I might be plagued vñ al earthly diſeaſes, ſo I might ſée thée frée from diſtreſſe: how can Arbaſto be without ſorrow to ſée Myrania oppreſſed with ſickneſs? how can he but ſinke in calamitie to ſée hir but once toucht with care: alas vnfold vnto me thy ſore, & I will apply the ſalue, make me priuie to thy maladie and I will procure a medecine: If want of wealth worke thy woe, thou haſt the kingdome of Denmarke to diſpoſe at thy pleaſure: if abſence from friends, thou haſt ſuche a friend of thy louing ſpouſe Arbaſto, as death it ſelfe ſhall neuer diſſolue our loue.

I had no ſoner vttered this worde, but Myrania as one poſſeſſed with ſome helliſh furie, ſtart vp in hir bed with ſtaring lookes and wrathfull countenance, ſéeming by hyr ragyng geſtures to be in a frenzie: but being kept downe by hir Ladies, ſhe roared out theſe hatefull curſes.

O Vile wretches (quoth ſhe) will you not ſuffer me in my life to reuẽge my ſelfe on that periured traitour Arbaſto, yet ſhall you not deny me but after death my ghoſt ſhall torment him with gaſtly viſions. O thrice accurſed caitife, doeſt thou ſéeme to helpe me with thy ſcabbard and ſecretlye hurt me with thy ſworde: doeſt thou proffer me honie openly, and priuily preſent me with gall? doeſt thou ſay thou wilt cure me with loue, when thou ſéekeſt to kill me with hate: haue I redéemed thée from miſhap, and wilt thou requite me wyth miſery? was I the meanes to ſaue thy life, & wilt thou wythout cauſe procure my death? haue I forſaken my Countrey, betraied my father, yea ſinned againſt the Gods and nature for thy ſake, & yet wilt thou kill me with diſcurteſie. O hapleſſe Myrania, coulde not Medeas miſhap haue made thée beware? coulde not Ariadnes ill lucke haue taught thée to take héede? could not Phillis miſfortune haue feared thée from the like folly: but thou muſt like and loue a ſtragling ſtranger. Ay me that repentance ſhould euer come ſo late: for now I

ſigh

ſigh and ſorrow, but had I wiſt comes out of time: folly is ſooner remembred than redreſſed, & time may be repented, but not recalled.

But I ſée it is a practice in men to haue as little care of their owne oathes, as of their Ladies honors, imitating Iupiter, who neuer kept oath he ſware to Iuno: didſt thou not falſe Arbaſto proteſt with ſolemne vowes, when thy life did hang in the ballance, that thy loue to Myrania ſhoulde be alwaies loyall, and haſt thou not ſince ſent and ſued ſecretly to win the good will of Doralice? didſt thou not ſweare to take me to thy mate, & haſt thou not ſince ſought to contract with hir a new match: thou didſt promiſe to be true vnto me, but haſt proued trulky vnto hir: what ſhould I ſay, thou haſt preſented hir with pleaſant drinkes, and poiſoned me with bytter potions, the more is my penury, and the greater is thy periurie. But vile wretch, doeſt thou thinke this thy villanye ſhall be vnreuenged. No no Egeric: I hope the gods haue appointed thee to reuenge my iniuries, thou haſt ſworne it and I feare not but thou wilt performe it. And that thou mayeſt knowe I exclaime not without cauſe, ſee here the Letters whiche haue paſſed betwene this falſe traitour & Doralice.

The ſight of theſe Letters ſo galled my guilty conſcience, as I ſtode as one aſtoniſhed, not knowing what to doe: excuſe my ſelfe I coulde not, confirme my loue I durſt not, yet at laſt the water ſtanding in mine eies, claſping hir hand in mine, I was ready to craue pardon, if ſhe had not preuēted me with theſe iniurious ſpeeches.

CLeere thy ſelfe traiterous Arbaſto thou canſt not, perſwade me thou ſhalt not, forgiue thee I wil not, ceaſe therfore to ſpeake, for in none of theſe thou ſhalt ſpéede. Egeric I ſaued thy life, then reuenge my death, & ſo content I dye, yet only diſcontent in this, that I cannot liue to hate Arbaſto ſo long as I haue loued hym.

And with that, turning vpon hir left side, with a gasping sighe she gaue vp the ghost: Which sight draue me into suche a desperate mind, that if Egerio and the rest had not holden me I had sent my soule with hirs to the graue. But being carried by force to my bed, I lay for certaine daies oppressed with suche sorrow, as if I had bene in a trance, cursing & accusing my self of ingratitude, of periury, and of most despightfull disloyalty, I lay perplexed with incessant passions

Till this heauy and hapless newes beyng noysed in France, Pelorus taking the death of his daughter to harte, in short time died, leauing Doralice the only inheritour of his kingdome.

But yet see how Fortune framed vp this tragedy, who mēt to cast Doralice from most happy felicitie to most hapless misery: for she seeing that no sinister chance could change my affection, that neyther the length of time, nor the distance of place, the spight of Fortune, the feare of death, nor hyr most cruell discurtesie coulde diminish my loue: musing I saye on this my inuiolable constancie, Cupid meaning to reuenge, seeing hir now at discouert, drew home to the head, and stroke hir so deepe at the hart, as in despight of Vesta she valed bonnet, and giuing a grone, sobbed forth secretly to hir selfe these words: Alas I loue Arbasto and none but Arbasto.

Venus seeing that hir boy had so well plaied the man, began to triumph ouer Doralicia, who now was in hir dumps, striuing as yet betwéne loue and hate, till fancie set in hyr fote, and then she yelded vp the bulwark in these peaceable termes,

Why how now now Doralicia (quoth she) dost thou dreame or doate? Is it folly or frenzy? melācholy or madnes, that driueth thee thus into dumps, and so strangely distresseth thee with dolor, what fond thoughts? what vnacquainted passiōs: what flūbring imaginatiōs are these which perplexeth thee?

dost

doeſt thou now fæle fire to ſpring out of the cold flint? heate to fry amidſt the chilling froſt? loue to come from hate, and deſire from diſdaine? Doeſt thou fare as thoughe thou hadſt bæne drenched in the riuer Iellus in Phrigia? which at ỹ firſt brædeth ſorrow through extreame colde, but forthwith burneth the ſinewes through raging heate. Hath Venus now in deſpight of Veſta made thæ vale bonnet? the more (poore wench is thy miſhap, and the worſe is thy fortune: for loue though neuer ſo ſwæt, cannot yet be digeſted without a moſt ſharpe ſauce: faring like the golde that is neuer perfect till it hath paſt through the fornace,

Loue Doralice, but whome doſt thou loue? Arbaſto: what the man whome euen nowe thou didſt ſo deadely hate? haſte thou ſo little force ouer thy affections, as to fancy thy foe? fie no fond foole, Arbaſto is thy friend, and one that honoureth thæ as a ſainct, and would ſerue thæ as his ſouereigne, that loueth and liketh thæ as much as thou canſt deſire, but more than thou doeſt deſerue, who being bitterlye croſſed with diſcurteſie, coulde neuer be touched of inconſtancy: but ſtil remaineth like to Ariſtotles Quadratus, which howſoeuer it is turned, alwaies ſtandeth ſtedfaſt. Thou canſt not then of conſcience Doralice but repay his loue with liking, and his firme fancie with mutuall affection: he is beautifull to pleaſe thy eie, vertuous to content thy mind, rich to maintaine thine honor, of birth to counteruaile thy parentage, wiſe, curteous, & conſtant, and what wouldſt thou haue more?

Yea but alas I haue reiected his ſeruice, & nowe he wyll not reſpect my ſute, I haue deteſted him, and now he will deſpiſe me, I haue requited his good will with crueltye, and he wil reuenge me with contempt.

Better hadſt thou then conceale it with griefe, than reueale it to thy owne ſhame: for if thou aime at the white and miſſe ỹ mark, thou ſhalt be pointed at of thoſe that hate thæ, pitied of thoſe that loue thæ, ſcorned of by him and talked of by all: ſuffer rather then (poore Doralice) death by ſilence, thã

derision by reuealing thy secrets: for death cutteth of all care, but derision breedeth endlesse calamitie.

Tush, doest thou thinke, Arbasto can so harden his harte, as to hate thee, so maister hys affections as to flie from fancy, that he will become so proude as to refuse thy proffer. No if thou sendest him but one line, it wil more charme him than al Cyrces inchantments: if thou lendest but one friendly loke it wil be more estemed of him than life. Why, but Doralice? And with that she sat stil as one in a trance, building castles in the aire, hanging betweene feare and hope, trust and dispaire, doubt and assurance: to rid hir selfe therfore from these dumpes, she toke hir Lute, whereupon she played thys dittie.

In tyme we see that siluer drops
The craggy stones make soft:
The sloweſt snaile in tyme, we see,
Doth creepe and clime aloft.

With feeble puffes the talleſt pine
In tract of time doth fall:
The hardeſt hart in time doth yeelde
To Venus *luring call.*

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire:
Where deepe disdaine bred noisome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to haue his hap,
what care in time not easde,
In time I loathd that now I loue,
In both content and pleasd.

Doralice hauing ended hir dittie, laide dowme hir Lute, and betoke hir selfe to hir former passions, wherein she had not long plodded, but she determined to write vnto me with as much spæde as myght be, framyng hir Letters to thys effect.

Doralicia to Arbasto
health,

WEighing with my selfe (Arbasto) that to be vniust, is to offer iniurie to the Gods, and that without cause to bee cruell, is against all conscience: I haue thought good to make amendes for that which is amisse, and of a fained foe, to become thy faithful friend: for since the receit of thy letters, calling to minde the perfection of the body, and perfectnes of thy minde, thy beautie and vertue, thy curtesie and constancie, I haue bene so snared with fancie, and fettered with affection, as the Idea of thy person hath pinched me with most haples passions.

If I haue béene reckleſſe of thy goodwill I repent me, if ruthleſſe through cruell spæches, I recant thē, as one louing now that alate I lothed, and desiring that which euen nowe I despised: whiche as often as I call to minde, I can not but blush to my selfe for shame, and fall out with my selfe for anger.

But the pureſt Diamond is to be cut before it be worne, the frankencense is to be burnt before it be smelt, & louers are to be tried before they be trusted, leaſt, shining like ỹ carbuncle, as though they had fire, yet being toucht, they proue passing cold, for the mind by trial once scowred of mistrust, becommeth more fit euer after for beliefe: so ỹ Arbasto as I haue pined thée w̄ bitter pils, I wil now pāper thée w̄ swæte potions: as I haue galled thée with cruelty I wil heale thée with curteſie, yea if thy good nature can forget that whyche my ill tongue doth repente, or thy moſte constant kindnes

forgiue that my vnbrideled fury did commit, I will counteruaile my former discurtesie with insuing constancye, I will be as ready after to take an iniurie, as I was to giue an offence, thou shalt find my loue and dutie such and so great, as either Doralice can performe, or Arbasto desire. And thus committing my life and my liuing into your hands, I attend thine answere, and rest more thine than hir owne.

Doralicia.

The messenger by whome she sent this message, making spæde to performe his mistresse commande, arriued within fewe daies at Denmarke, where deliuering me the letter, I was greatly amazed at the sight thereof, musing what the cõtents should be, at last vnripping the seales, I perceyued to what faint Doralice bent hir deuotion, but the shower came too late when the grasse was withered: yet I stood for a time astonished, houering betwæne loue and hate. But at the last such loathsome misliking of hir former discurtesie so incensed my mind, that to despise hir, and to despight Fortune, I returned hir spædily this hatefull answere.

To Doralice neyther health nor good hap.

I Receiued thy letters Doralice, which no sooner I read with mine eie, but I threwe into the fire with my hand, least by viewing them I should grow into great furie, or by kæping them shewe thæ any friendship. For we shun the place of pestilence for feare of infection: the eies of the Catherismes because of diseases: the sight of the cockatrice for feare of death: Cyrces drinks as dreading charmes, and Syrens tunes doubting inchantments: shoulde I not then eschewe thy alluring baits, when thou hast galled me with the hooke: yes I wyll,

and

and muſt, leaſt I be intrapped with thy ſubteltie, or intangled with thy ſorcerie. Truly Doralicia that once I loued thee I can not denie, that now being free I ſhould fall to ſuch follie I more than vtterly refuſe, for as before I liked thee in conſtant hope, ſo now I loath with hatefull contempt, comparing thy curſſed nature to the herbe Baſill, which both ingendreth Serpents, and killeth them, ſo the ſhew of thy vertue inflamed me with loue, but the triall of thy vanitie hath quenched it with hate. Hate? yea, I more than hate thee, moſt cruell and ingratefull monſter, whoſe beautie I hope was giuen thee of the Gods as well to procure thine owne miſerie, as others miſhap, which if I might liue to ſee, as Infortunio did by Eriphila, I would thinke I did leade my hapleſſe life to a moſt happie end. Thus thou ſeeſt how I accompt of thy loue, and accept of thy letters, eſteeming the one as filthie chaffre, and the other as forged charmes, and ſaying to them both, that proffered ſeruice ſtinckes. Waſte more wind I will not, to ſpend more time is moſt ill ſpent, therefore take this as a farewell, that if I heare of thy good hap, I liue diſpleaſed, if of thy miſfortune, content, if of thy death, moſt ſorrowfull, that the Gods did not giue thee manie daies and much diſtreſſe: ſo wiſhing thee what ſpight eyther fortune or the fates can afford. Adiew.

Sworne thy foe to death,
Arbaſto.

DOralicia hauing receyued theſe letters, and read the contents, was ſo impatient in hir paſſions, that ſhe fell into a phrenzie, hauing nothing in hir mouth but Arbaſto, Arbaſto, euer doubling this word with ſuch pitifull cries and ſcriches, as would haue moued any but me to remorſe: ſhe continued not in this caſe long before ſhe died. But I alas leading ſtill a loathſome life, was more cruelly croſſed by fortune, for Egerio conſpiring with the peeres of my realme, in ſhort time by ciuill warres diſpoſſeſſed me of my crowne

and kingdome, forced them to flée by mine owne subiects: after some trauell I arriued at this place, where considering with my selfe the fickle inconstancie of vniust fortune, I haue euer since liued content in this cell to despight fortune, one while sorrowing for the mishap of Myrania, and another while ioying at the miserie of Doralicia, but allwayes smiling, that by contemning fortune, I learne to leade hir in triumph. Thus thou hast heard why in meane estate I passe my daies content: rest therefore satisfied, that thus I haue liued, and thus I meane to die.

FINIS.

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